

land with idolatry; Jezebel and her son Ahaziah, Hamutal and her son Jehoahaz, Zebudah and her son Jehoiakim, Nehushta and her son Jehoiachim, all of whom did evil exceedingly in the sight of the Lord.

John Chrysostom, or John of the "Golden-mouth," so styled on account of his unrivalled eloquence in the pulpit, who as an expositor of the Bible has had few, if any, superiors, received his religious impressions strong enough to shape his career from his mother Anthusa.

Augustine, who as a preacher and a writer has no superior in the history of the church, was indebted for all that he became to his mother Monica a Christian woman of a tender, devout and elevated spirit.

All that was worthy of admiration in the character of Henry VI. was a reflection of the heroics of his wife Margaret. William, Prince of Orange, was restored to the right path by the grand qualities of his wife Mary. Martin Luther said of his wife, "I would not exchange my poverty with her for all the riches of Croesus without her." Thomas Hood wrote to his wife, "I never was anything until I knew you." Isabel of Spain by her superior faith in Columbus put into the hand of Ferdinand her husband, a New World. Pericles said he received all his eloquence and statesmanship from his wife. Andrew Jackson the warrior and president had his mightiest reinforcements in his plain wife whose inartistic attire was the amusement of the elegant circles into which she was invited.

Dear sister, be thou a blessing. Let each day's low-descending sun hear from thy lips some kind word spoken, view from thy hands some worthy action done. Many are the lovely lives and sin-burdened souls that thou canst cheer and comfort. May thy presence be as a beam of sunshine warm and bright, as the song of a sacred hymn bearing thy message of Peace and love to the weary traveler passing by. And when to thee thy Father says, "It is enough; thy task is done." thou shalt be most prepared to answer thy solemn call.

"Be thou a rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints tomorrow with prophetic ray!"

Hiram, O.

CORRECTIONS

MARTIN SHIVELY

In my paper of several months since, on "the morals of Calif.," I said that in so far as I had learned, the state imposed no license fee upon its saloons. It was a mistake, for it does do so, or rather the counties do. In some the fee is quite low, in others very high, and so localities have no saloons, and will not have them at any price. But the fact remains that saloons are awfully and

terribly numerous. In the same paper I spoke of the contract marriage law. It has been repealed.

In my last contribution, I said "A report has reached us, that brother P. S. Garman has returned to the G. B. church etc." I am glad to inform you that the report was not founded on fact, for Brother G. has written me since, saying he stands still with the Brethren.

Home Circle

THE MIRROR OF LIFE

Do you wish for kindness? Be kind.

Do you long for truth? Be true.

What you give to yourself, you find.

Your world is a reflex of you.

For life is a mirror. You smile,

And a smile is your sure return.

Bear hate in your heart and erewhile

All your world with hatred will burn.

Set love against love. Every deed

Shall armed as a fate recoil.

You shall gather your fruit from the seed

That you cast yourself in the soil.

Each act is a separate link

In the chain of your weal or your woe;

Cups you will offer another to drink,

The taste of their dregs you shall know.

BARTERING JEWELS

"Oh, how I wish it were mine!" exclaimed Ralph, upon beholding a large and very valuable diamond in the showcase of a jeweler's window.

"But what would you do with it, if it did belong to you?" was his parent's query. Ralph was unable to reply for some time, but at length he responded vaguely: "Oh! something, I'm sure!"

Every person, with each returning day, is presented by our munificent Creator with a priceless jewel—the opportunities of life for one more day. Yet how many, like Ralph and the diamond, are able to determine to what use to put it? How many give a thought as to what they should do with it? It is bright and pleasing, full of beauty and attractiveness, as the diamond, and it is theirs; and that is all they think about it.

Every day uselessly and heedlessly squandered is a precious jewel cast thoughtlessly away. It is said that the natives of South Africa, at one time, were so ignorant of the real value of diamonds that they would gladly exchange them for bright seashells. Any one who would waste a day on mere trifles cannot consistently hold these poor savages in derision, for he is committing the same mistake.

Something good and useful can be done with every day. Some one's life can be brightened, some one's heart gladdened, some discouraged and disheartened one assisted along life's way. Consider thoughtfully the incidents of each day, at its close. If its memory is bright and sparkling with good deeds

done, then it is indeed a priceless possession. If it is naught but a rayless blank, then it is a jewel lost or bartered, which can never again be recovered.—
J. R. Miller.

A STEP AT A TIME

In accomplishing your day's work, you have simply to take one step at a time. To take that step wisely is all that you need to think about. If I am climbing a mountain to look down may make me dizzy; to look too far up may make me tired and discouraged.

Take no anxious thought for the morrow. Sufficient for the day—yes, and for each hour in the day—is the toil or trial thereof. There is not a child of God in this world who is strong enough to stand the strain of today's duties and all the load of tomorrow's anxieties piled upon the top of them. Paul himself would have broken down if he had attempted the experiment. We have a perfect right to ask our Heavenly Father for strength equal to the day; but we have no right to ask him for one extra ounce of strength for anything beyond it. When the morrow comes grace will come sufficient for its tasks or for its troubles.

Let me be strong in word and deed,

Just for to-day!

Lord, for to-morrow and its need,

I must not pray.

—Theodore L. Cuyler.

A MISTAKEN MOTHER

"Why don't you let Helen do that sewing?" I said to my wearied friend, who was nodding over a bit of mending. "Surely she knows how to mend a plain garment like that."

"She never has learned to sew," was the reply. "She is always busy with her books, and I hate to worry her. She will have a hard enough time by and by. I mean to make her life as easy as I can while she is with me."

It was so with the dishwashing, the bed-making, the cooking. "Helen does not like to do this, that or the other. She is out with her friends. She is reading. She is tired. I don't like to make a drudge of her. I don't wish her hands to look like mine." These were some of the sayings of the mistaken mother as apologies for the fact that Helen never helped in household affairs, though there was no servant. Poor Helen! I pitied her from my heart. She was learning algebra and geometry, French and Latin, but was deprived of the sweet lessons in loving help, self-denial, womanliness and thoughtfulness that only a mother can give in the school of home. Helen was listless, idle, thoughtless, except in school, dependent upon others for the service that every woman should know how to perform.

What of Helen's future home and the